

SPIDER M'GANN'S
REPUTATIONBy RICHARD BARKER
SHELTON

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McChesney

The Rev. Charles Aloysius Hall would scarcely have been taken for a minister of the gospel as he sat in the corner of a downtown hotel that morning, intent on the columns of a time table. There was no "Prince Albert," no high hat, no clerical collar, no high buttoned vest. His clothes, of not the latest cut, yet carefully brushed and pressed, would have stamped him a young business man, and after a glance at his face—a firm, clean shaven face, with the brows at that moment knit in a frown—one would have said that business was not all the gentleman in question could have wished it.

It was a favorite remark of the Rev. Mr. Hall that if his daily life and deeds gave no inkling to his profession the symbols of the cloth never would. For the first time in the long fight the Rev. Charles Hall was discouraged. He realized that now indeed the church at Cedarville, his church, was in the last ditch. The roof leaked and that cracked the plastering, the carpet was in tatters, the paint was losing faith in the clapboards and the spire was so badly out of plumb that the town board had threatened to take it down unless it was given prompt attention.

Some subscription papers, circulated through the town, had netted returns pitifully small. The envelope weekly offering system had been woefully inadequate to cover the pastor's salary, and the Ladies Aid society, with three suppers and a fair, had raised just \$98.37. He smiled grimly as he remembered that last year his salary had been \$200 short and this year he felt to be another hundred shorter.

There had remained yet one hope. Cedarville was quite a summer resort, and during the hot months numerous well to do men from the neighboring city stayed there with their families. Some of these attended the church. As a last resort Rev. Mr. Hall had come to the city to make personal appeal to these men. But Brother Jones and Brother Hayes and Brother Benton had other channels for their currency, and when Hall, weary and heart sick, sat down in the corner of the hotel, he had raised but \$20 in cash, with pledges of perhaps \$35 more.

He had opened his time table again when some one touched his shoulder. "Oh, I say, Spider," said a voice in deprecation, "this isn't just square, you know. We've been hunting high and low for you. Why didn't you send us word?"

Hall looked up. Two young fellows, evidently college men, stood before him. "Were you addressing me?" said Hall.

"That's pretty good," said the other young man. "You're funny when you have a try at dignity, old boy."

"There's no use mincing matters," said No. 1. "If you're going to back down, we want the deposit back; that's all."

"Gentlemen," said Hall curtly, "I'll give you my seeming impertinence the benefit of the doubt. There is evidently some mistake here."

"Oh, ring off; ring off!" said the first speaker wearily. "You've led us enough of a chase already."

"See here," said Hall, rising angrily; "I've no intention—"

"Have you the nerve to say you're not Spider McGann?" said No. 2 while he favored his companion with a pious wink.

"Most certainly I'm not," said Hall. "Would you mind letting us see your left forearm?" said No. 1, with the air of a man who has trumped the trick.

"Certainly not," said Hall, with some asperity, "if it will be a means of convincing you."

He bared his left forearm, and the two bent over it critically. "By George! There aren't any tattoo marks here," said the shorter of the pair. "We owe you every apology, sir, for a very stupid blunder. Will you join us?" He nodded toward a pair of swinging doors from behind which the clink of glasses was plainly audible.

"No, thank you," said Hall shortly and turned again to his time table. Again he felt the touch on his shoulder.

"We don't mean to intrude," said a respectful voice.

Hall looked up and found the young fellows again before him.

"Well?" he said.

"You see," began the taller chap, "we're in the deuce of a fix, and we thought perhaps—bare chance, you know—you might care to help us out and incidentally make a neat bit out of it. There's several hundred in it for some one."

Hall thought of the church and his morning's work for the \$38.

"I'm certainly open to suggestions," he said, smiling grimly.

"Can you box?" said his interlocutor.

Hall's face wore a puzzled expression at the inquiry. "I have in years past," he admitted.

"Good!" said the other. "If we can come to terms, you are the very man we need just at present. This gentleman is Mr. Burns. I am Robert Dix."

"You see," Dix continued, "at the gym there is a trainer called Hefly Burke. He's put out every man in college who has had the courage to give him a go by virtue of which Mr. Burke has begun to think himself the whole thing, and it therefore becomes

our bounden duty to relieve this superfluous pomposity.

"This was our plan: Some years ago there came to the gym a little fellow named Spider McGann. Spider was a coming lightweight, which truth didn't strike Hefly until Hefly struck the floor. But the affair blew over, and now he is crowing again. So we hunted up McGann, who is a lightweight champion now, and offered him \$500 to go up against Burke. The mill comes off tonight at the Macedonian club, and poor old Hefly thinks he's up against the Macedonian club's trainer. It'll be rare to see his face when he finds it's Spider McGann. Spider will lay down in the ninth, and Hefly will simply swell. He'll continue to swell until the Annual comes out. This will be in it."

He handed Hall a slip of paper. In a scrawling hand was written:

This is to certify that I, Spider McGann, laid down in my fight with Hefly Burke. I could have punched him full of holes as a slave if I'd had a mind to, same's as I done once before.

SPIDER M'GANN,
Lightweight Champion of the World.

"Now, the point is, Spider's gone back on us."

"That's it," said Burns. "We've got to pull it off somehow. We've sold over 1,000 tickets at anywhere from \$2 up. All the old grads Hefly has flogged will be there ready to back him—you see, no one knows it's fixed but Dix and I and the board of editors of the Annual."

"And you're the image of Spider McGann," said Dix. "Our proposition is to give you the \$500 to meet Hefly tonight. If we couldn't tell you from Spider McGann, he couldn't. You're due to go out anyway, so it won't make very much difference when you do, only we'd want you to stay as many rounds as you could for the sake of appearances."

Hall was thinking deeply. "For the church! For the church!" ran through his head.

"Gentlemen," said he, "Spider McGann pro tem. is at your service."

"You're a brick!" said Dix, wringing Hall's hand. "Meet us here at 8, and we can talk it over at dinner. And"—fishing in his pocket—"here's fifty to clinch it. We'll give you the rest after the mill."

At 5 Hall was pacing the corridor, when Burns and Dix came in. After dinner, at which Hall was given many valuable points as to Hefly's style of boxing, the three entered a cab and were driven rapidly to the Macedonian club.

It was precisely 8 o'clock when the Rev. Charles Aloysius Hall, clad in green trunks, faced Hefly Burke. That gentleman's face was a study. Beyond a doubt he was suffering from the shock of recognition.

"Not quite so easy as last time," Burke muttered between clinched teeth, and Hall could not restrain a chuckle.

"Time!" The referee's voice sounded in almost absolute stillness. Then at it they went. Hefly was nervous and Hall was cool. He could imagine himself back at the gym in his university days. He side stepped Hefly's sledgehammer blows; he dodged and ducked in a manner that brought the crowd to its feet. He would do his utmost to stay those nine rounds.

In one of the boxes Burns and Dix were hugging each other.

"It's great, great!" said Dix. "Hefly will surely think it was Spider."

And there was even more cause for Hefly to think so when the end came rather suddenly early in the eighth. Hall ducked a vicious jab and at the same time swung with his right. The blow landed with terrific force on Hefly's neck, and he went down blowing like a grampus. Then the referee counted off ten seconds. The crowd howled. It was some minutes before Hall realized what had happened, and when he did he vaulted the ropes and broke for his dressing room, while behind him the cheering redoubled.

At Cedarville two days later Hall received the following letter:

Rev. Charles Aloysius Hall:

Dear Sir—You will probably wonder how we know your name and address. A card fell from your pocket in your dressing room, and we have guarded it jealously. Your secret is safe with us.

It was because we had the card that we let you depart that night without saying more about the money after you had refused it because you claimed you had broken your contract by flooring Hefly. You earned it; ye gods, you richly earned it. The first thing Hefly said when they got him to his corner was, "Well, I ain't so much, am I?"

Inclosed please find check on Third National for \$500.

We have secured from Spider a sworn statement that he did not fight Hefly Burke on the evening of April 7. This will appear in the Annual, with a poem on Hefly's fall before the great unknown. Great unknown! You shall remain such, but permit us to express our gratitude to you. Sincerely yours, ROBERT DIX, JOHN BURNS.

This Dog Can Spell.

There is a south side lady who owns a Gordon setter which she believes is endowed with almost human intelligence, says the Chicago News. This is not a hastily formed nor unfounded opinion, but has been developed by years of experience. Here is one of the many incidents from which has sprung her faith in her dog:

One Sunday, having finished her dinner, the lady went into the drawing room to read the paper. On a rug near the window the setter was basking drowsily in the sunshine. The lady's two sons were still in the dining room finishing the repeat, and the mother overheard something said about bones. Now, the good lady has a mortal dread that her beautiful dog will choke to death on a bone some day, so, raising her voice, she called out, "Boys, don't give Dan any c-h-i-c-k-e-n-b-o-n-e-s," spelling these two words so the dog's attention would not be attracted. "I'm afraid he will choke."

As she spelled "chicken" the dog raised his head; at "bones" he got up, walked into the dining room and looked at the bones the boys were picking.

MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH.

The Dramatic End of the Brave French Soldier.

Ney refused naturally to place himself on his knees and to allow his eyes to be bandaged. He only asked Commandant Saint-Bias to show him where he was to stand. He faced the platoon, which held their muskets at "the recover," and then, in an attitude which I shall never forget, so noble was it, calm and dignified, without any swagger, he took off his hat, and, profiting by the short moment which was caused by the adjutant de place having to place himself on one side and to give the signal for firing, he pronounced these few words, which I heard very distinctly, "Frischmen, I protest against my sentence, my honor!" At these last words, as he was placing his hand on his heart, the detonation was heard. He fell as if struck by lightning. A roll of the drums and the cries of "Vive le roi!" by the troops formed in square brought to a close this lugubrious ceremony.

This fine death made a great impression on me. Turning to Augustus de la Rochejaquelein, colonel of the grenadiers, who was by my side and who deplored, like myself, the death of the brave des braves, I said to him, "There, my dear friend, is a grand lesson in learning to die."—"The Empire and the Restoration," General Rochechouart.

THE USE OF JEWELRY.

It Is Something More Than a Love of Pretty Trifles.

Even in its modern form when ornament has been left almost wholly to women it is something more than a love of pretty trifles. On the persons of the female members of his family the man loves to see the display of the wealth which in these days is power, and if modern taste will not allow it in himself, it is still indulgent to his vicarious display of it through his women. So far as women themselves consciously aid and abet in this assertion of power, so far they may claim to be acquitted from the charge of sheer vanity. Women of families who have become recently rich love most to display their jewelry, and it may be there is not so much vanity as assertion in it of their claim in virtue of wealth to be respected and honored. Those women who have undisputed claims to distinction exercise more discretion, and their chief displays are on those occasions when it is congruous to emphasize their social power and influence. Thus to the end we have the close connection between ornament and money which has existed from the beginning.—London Saturday Review.

FIGHTING OXEN.

The Hottentots Trained Cattle to Charge Riderless into Battle.

When the Dutch first settled at the Cape they found that the original Hottentots owned large herds of cattle, which they regularly rode and trained to act as guardians of their other cattle and their camps. So admirably were these animals trained that they used to charge before the tribesmen in battle, apparently without riders, though there may have been mounted leaders.

An old writer named Kolben says: "Every Hottentot army is provided with a large troop of these war oxen, which permit themselves to be governed without trouble and which their leaders let loose at the appointed moment. The instant they are set free they throw themselves with impetuosity upon the opposite army. They strike with their horns, they kick, they rip up and trample beneath their feet all that opposes them. They plunge with fury into the midst of the ranks and thus prepare an easy victory. The manner in which these oxen are trained and disciplined certainly does great honor to the talent of this people."

The Difference.

A delegate from Boston to an educational conference in Philadelphia told of the answer given by a certain pupil in one of the public schools of the Hub in answer to a question put by a professor of natural history.

The question was, "What is the difference between a biped and a quadruped?"

The pupil's answer was, "A biped has two legs, a quadruped has four legs; therefore the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."—Woman's Home Companion.

Announced Himself.

While looking for stragglers just as a Welsh regiment was about to sail from Cape Town for England an officer found a private standing at attention in a shed. "What are you doing here?" he was asked. "Please, sir," was the reply. "I am a lunatic, and I am waiting for the corporal's guard." He was right; he was a lunatic, and his guard had forgotten him.

Lifted.

City Couns—Now, you farmers don't have the trouble of house hunting like city folk. Kansas Uncle—Don't, eh? Well, I've been hunting for a house that the cyclone carried away for two years, and I haven't found it yet.—Chicago News.

Just a Hint.

Reggie—A-a-h. Miss Merripleigh, speaking of conundrums, do you know a-a-h—the difference between a finance and a financier? She—Is there any? There shouldn't be, Reggie.

A Beautifier.

Miss Pinsky—Reggie says I grow prettier every time he sees me. Miss Roastem—You ought to have him call oftener.—Cleveland Leader.

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves who are out of favor with all others.—Shakespeare.

The Great
Twelve Acre Store
Located in the
Heart of Newark,
N. J.

Hahne & Co.
Broad, New and Halsey Streets
NEWARK.

Quality Better
or Price Lower
than in New York
with Choice as
Great.

Perfection in Easter Tailored Suits.

The only New Jersey store that meets New York displays in high character garments, but at lower prices. The very best value in America is offered in these two special groups of Women's and Misses' Tailor Made Suits:

No. 1—Blouse and Jacket style Tailored Suits, in fancy mixtures, chevrons and fine Venetian cloth, all neatly trimmed with fancy braids, taffeta, etc., in black, blue and brown; all sizes to choose from, in two big lots; regular 18.50 and 15.50, special at 12.50 and

10.50

Women's Taffeta Silk Petticoats—These petticoats are of extra good quality and width, accordion plaited flounce with dust ruffle edged with ruching, silk underpiece in all the newest changeable colors and black, made to sell at 7.98. Special

5.00

No. 2—The New Blouse or Jacket effect Tailored Suits, in many attractive styles, variously trimmed, comprising broadcloth, Panama, etc.; other weaves in black and colors; a suit universally admired because of its strikingly handsome construction; regular value 29.50, sale price

18.50

Women's Lawn Waists—We have just received several new models in very attractive, dressy effects of fine lace, fancy sleeve, lace trimmed, all sizes, a good 7.50 value, special at

2.98

Second Floor.

FINE EASTER MILLINERY DISPLAY.

Choice of thousands of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats for Women, Misses and Children. Dainty ideas and exclusive creations at popular prices, in the very widest range, is our presentation of Spring and Easter Millinery.

Our famous 4.75 Trimmed Hat is a perfect revelation of beauty this Spring. A steady upward and onward improvement will be noticed in these hats. To copy them and have them look like our originals, means 8 to 10, as those who have tried to imitate must acknowledge

4.75

Be sure that you see our great and varied suit colorings in the new Walking Shapes and Turbans, including the popular Polo Shape, trimmed with mesaline ribbon and fancy wing effect, colors and black

4.75

New Charlotte Corday Turbans in fancy straw, simply trimmed with velvet and gilt ornaments, in black, navy, brown, cardinal, pale green and champagne. Instead of 2.50 the price is

1.95

Fancy Silk Straw Turbans, trimmed with velvet and quills, in all desirable colors, instead of 3.75, the price is

2.95

Tucked Chiffon Hats, in great variety of large shapes, black, brown and navy, regular 1.25, 98c for

98c

Fancy Chip Hats, in all the up-to-date shapes, black and assorted colors, instead of 1.00, we offer them at

87c

American Beauty Rose Sprays, with foliage in the natural shades, instead of 15c they are

25c

Large bunches of Bluebells in natural colors, also in cardinal, instead of 50c they are

39c

Large bunches of Sweet Pea or Wisteria, in the natural colors, instead of 75c they are

49c

Large Foliage Broomsticks, for the alder trimmings of Toques and Turbans, natural green only, instead of 58c they are

39c

Delux, Bluet and Rose Wreaths, for Children's Hats, instead of 85c they are

69c

Assorted lot of new Spring Flowers, ranging in value from 39c to 50c, they are

25c

Straw Plateaux, in elegant assortment of plain and fancy colors greatly in demand for making Draped Hats, regular 1.00 value, for

49c

Hahne & Co's 12 Acres of Spring Supplies

Benedict Bros.

SEWER BIDS.

Borough of Glen Ridge.

NEW LOCATION.

Washington Life Insurance Building,
BROADWAY, COR. LIBERTY ST.
NEW YORK.

The Watch and Jewelry House of Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict, the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in their line in this country.

The present Benedict Bros. removed to the corner of Cortlandt Street in 1863. They have long desired to have larger and fire-proof quarters, and now have, they believe, the most attractive Jewelry store in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

Their specialties are fine Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Gems.

BENEDICT BROTHERS

JEWELERS.

141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.,
NEW YORK.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the surviving executor of the last will and testament of Sarah J. Demarest, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the sixth day of May next.

Dated March 30, 1905. JAMES G. DEMAREST, JOHN MONTHEIT, Proctor.

A. LEVY.

Suits Made to Order.

Perfect Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.
Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing

NEATLY DONE.
WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

L. D. Telephone 101-a.

290 GLENWOOD AVE.,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

